

MOLINESS TO THE LORD.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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APRIL 15, 1900.

Designed
for the
Advance-
ment
of the
Young

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR

SALT
LAKE
CITY
UTAH



A NORWEGIAN FJORD. (SEE PAGE 225.)

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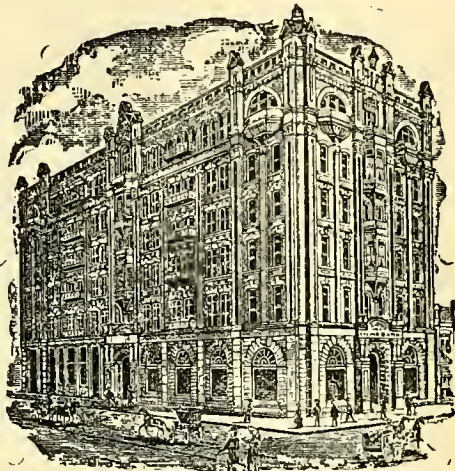
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Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1900.

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HISTORY OF THE NATIONS.

NORWAY.—I.

THERE is a beautiful country far away towards the icy north. It is a glorious land, with snowy, bold and magnificent mountains; deep, narrow, and well wooded valleys; bleak plateaus and slopes; wild ravines;

Europe for size; arms of the sea, called fjords, of extreme beauty, reaching far inland in the midst of grand scenery; numberless rivulets, whose crystal waters vary in shade and color as the rays of the sun strike upon them on their



MOUNT GAUSTA, TELEMARKEN.

clear and picturesque lakes; immense forests of birch, pine and fir trees, the solitude of which seems to soothe the restless spirit of man; large and superb glaciers, unrivalled elsewhere in

journey to the ocean, tumbling in countless cascades, filling the air with the music of their fall.—*Paul B. Du Chaillu.*

Norway occupies the western half of the



SCENE IN RINGERIKE.

Scandinavian peninsula, and is the most northerly country in Europe. It is separated from Sweden by a range of mountains called *Kjolen*, meaning the keel. The Swedish side of this range slopes gradually to the broad lowlands of the Baltic. On the Norwegian side the mountains widen out into a plateau which reaches to the ocean and is cut into gigantic fissures narrow and winding, called fjords. Many of these fjords are of great depth; the Sogn fjord, for instance, is twenty-eight hundred and forty feet deep. It reaches into the land a distance of one hundred and six miles from the sea. Ocean steamers ascend these waterways, winding in and out under the shades of the giant cliffs on each side.

Thus Norway is a vast plateau, broken and rugged, and containing but a few level tracts. Only two per cent of the entire surface is under cultivation, and perhaps one per cent more is used for pasture and grazing. The forests cover nearly one-fourth of the country. The lands adapted for farming lie principally in the narrow inland valleys,

around the coast and on small level tracts around Trondhjem in the north and Christiania in the south.

Lying so far north, one would suppose Norway to be so cold that it would hardly be inhabitable. The greater part of Greenland and Alaska lies in the same latitude; yet Norway has grain fields and vegetable gardens two hundred and fifty miles north of the Arctic Circle. The chief reason for this mildness of climate is the influence of the warm Gulf Stream, which washes the whole length of the western shore. In winter the interior uplands are severely cold, yet the lowland near the ocean is comparatively mild.

The north of Norway stretches for hundreds of miles into the frigid zone, thus bringing it under that peculiar season of the north, and giving it the name of the Land of the Midnight Sun. In that northern region the winter is cold and dark and long; but when the sun comes back in the spring it skims around the whole horizon and shines



THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

on the ice-bound earth continually for many weeks. This soon breaks winter's grip. The ice melts, the snow line retreats up the mountain to its home, the glacier. The grass follows fast, and in a few weeks the soft breath of spring comes laden with the perfume of wild flowers and shooting birch trees. That rocky coast, a mingling of islands and blue water, is then a most beautiful place. But sometimes the rains are excessive and the clouds obscure the sun the greater part of the season. Then the farmer prays for a few days of clear weather that his barley might ripen and his hay dry.

As far back in time as we know anything certain, people have lived in this northern land, perhaps for over three thousand years. These people were friends of the Swedes and Danes and were of Germanic origin. They were called Northmen and the land *Norvegr* or *Norge*.

When people first came to this land forests covered the valleys and plains as well as the hills, and they had to clear away these trees to get farming land. The waters were full of fish and the woods contained many ani-

mals and birds. The land was divided among freemen called *bonder*. Each man's land was called his *odel*. These *bonder* could own many slaves, which were mostly captives taken in war. The master could sell, trade or even kill his slaves; though for the most part they were treated kindly. A slave could buy his freedom and become a renter of land.

In that olden time, the inhabitants did not live in towns or cities. Each man lived on his farm, surrounded by his workmen, as many do yet. The collection of houses, granaries and barns on the farm was called a *gaard*. The master had great authority over his people, but the women had control of the household duties. Women were greatly respected and treated kindly. Travelers, whether rich or poor, known or unknown, were hospitably received.

In the beginning, Norway was not one kingdom but a great many small ones. The freemen in each of these divisions met in what was called a *ting*, where laws were made and important matters considered and adjusted. In each of these *ting* districts were usually some men distinguished above



STREET IN TROMSØ, NORWAY.

the others by their character, wealth, war-like renown and long descent. These men were called *jarls* or kings, and became the ruling spirits. They had no official authority, but ruled rather by their personal influence. They led out in expeditions of war, but had no power to collect taxes or in any way domineer over their fellow-freemen.

Some of these petty kings often made war against other kings, thus enlarging the scope of their influence. In their voyages up and down the coast, they became expert seamen, and often ventured on long excursions in their small, open boats.

At the close of the eighth century, these Northmen made their way across the North sea where they found new fields for plunder and conquest in the British Isles, and especially in the small island groups north of Scotland. Driven out of their usual course by storms, some of them discovered Iceland. Later settlements were made there, and excursions taken westward to Greenland and North America. About this time, the Danes joined the Northmen in their expeditions to other lands and these roving bands became

the noted and dreaded Vikings that raided the countries of western Europe.

In the year 872 A. D., a strong Viking chief named Harold Haarfagre conquered the other petty kings and united Norway for the first time under one king. He forced the freemen to pay taxes to him, which many of them hated so much that they left the country and settled in parts of the British Isles and on Iceland. In the latter island, their descendants still live and speak the old Norsk language. After Harold, his sons warred against each other for the power of their father, and strife now marked the nation's history for hundreds of years.

In the year 995, Olaf Tryggveeson, a descendant of Harold, became king. Olaf was a convert to Christianity, and with great zeal he began to Christianize his kingdom. Those who would not be baptized he either killed, maimed or drove from the country. Olaf was the beau-ideal of a sea-king. He died a hero's death fighting against great odds off the coast of Germany in the year 1000.

Again for hundreds of years, the political history of the nation consists of intrigues,

revolts and wars with the Danes and Swedes. At last the royal house of Harold Haarfagre having become extinct, the throne passed through marriage to the Swedish royal house and later to the Danish (1380).

And now Norway's prestige waned, her prowess dwindled. The spirit of liberty seemed to die out, as if her early struggles had exhausted her strength. The ruling Danish kings at first respected her national rights, but after a time they became despotic and oppressive. In 1521 Sweden, under Gustav Vasa, threw off the Danish yoke, but Norway continued under the Danish kings for three hundred years.

In the general European upheaval which Napoleon Bonaparte caused, Denmark sided with the great French general. When Napoleon invaded Russia, Sweden came to that country's help and soon after England joined the alliance. These powers promised to force Denmark to give up Norway to Sweden. When Napoleon's reverses began, the allied nations called on Denmark to give Norway over to Sweden. This Denmark refused to do, so the Swedish king, Karl Johan, marched an army into Denmark and compelled King Fredrik VI to agree to the proposal of the powers.

This king, Karl Johan, strange to say, was not a Swede, but a Frenchman, by the name of Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, whom, in the year 1810, the Swedes had elected crown prince.

But in this bargain of nations referred to,

Norway thought she had a voice. The spirit of national freedom awoke. Prince Christian Fredrik of Denmark went to Norway and headed the movement for independence. He called a national assembly which met at Eidsvold. A liberal constitution was drawn up and signed May 17, 1814, and from this date Norway celebrates her independence. The Swedish king now marched his forces into Norway, and Christian soon gave up the struggle. Karl Johan recognized the Norwegian constitution, and was elected king on November 4th.

Under this constitution, Norway became a free, independent state, nominally a kingdom, but practically to all purposes a republic. In 1821 all titles of nobility were abolished. Its union with Sweden is solely in the person of the king. Both countries are represented in other countries by one and the same diplomatic corps, and this has led to the chief point of contention between the two nations for some time past. There is a strong party in Norway that favors a complete disunion from Sweden, and whose aim no doubt is a republic in name also. The other great party is satisfied with present conditions and the added strength the union secures. Since 1814 the country has steadily increased in prosperity and has made rapid progress in the arts, the sciences and in the civilization of the age.

Nephi Anderson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE CARNIVAL IN BELGIUM.

FOR a long time it has been the custom here as in other parts of this country and in certain places in France and

Germany, to have, at a certain time, about the commencement of the spring season, a time of festivity known as the Carnival. The

time varies during which the amusement continues, but in general the greatest celebration comes during three days about the last of February, from Sunday until Tuesday, these days bearing the names, respectively, of Quinquagesima and Mardi Gras.

I am not certain just what is the reason for having the Carnival at this time of the year, but I should suppose that it was begun by the Catholics, though it is not clear whether it was in order to have considerable gayety before putting on the soberness necessary during what is known among the sectarian churches as the Lenten season; or that it was necessary to have one or two days of gayety every week during the season to keep up the spirits of those engaging in this time of abstinence. Whatever it was that prompted the holding of such a celebration the cause is not now so apparent, and if, in the beginning it was a church festival, there has been a change in that at present there is general participation in it.

The Carnival commences from one to two weeks before the Sunday known as Quinquagesima, which arrives about the end of February, and continues for four or five weeks, certain days of the week only, such as Sunday, being specially celebrated. As before stated, the height of the Carnival amusement is reached during the three days, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, which came this year from the 25th to the 27th of February. This Tuesday, known as Mardi Gras, is the greatest day of the season, and it is doubtless from this that carnivals sometimes, as for instance in America, take their name.

The celebration during these days is principally in the afternoons and evenings. There are a great many who array themselves in all sorts of fantastic costumes and masks and go through the principal streets acting and doing such things as to cause amusement to those who look on. Those unmasked as well as the maskers are provided with such things as *confetti*, serpentines, whips of paper ribbons, peacocks' feathers, and atomizers containing

eau de Cologne, for their amusement and the torment of others.

This *confetti* consists of small, circular pieces of paper of various colors, which is thrown by handfuls by those on the streets at one another. If it is remembered that the streets are tightly crowded and that there is constant movement in either direction it can be readily understood that one may get a handful of *confetti* sometimes very unexpectedly in the mouth, if it happens to be open, or in the face. Of course, if one's mouth being open, someone kindly fills it with *confetti*, which is very adhesive, the victim must take it all good-humoredly even though he is generally laughed at. During one evening of the Carnival so much of this paper is thrown that the principal streets are covered two to three inches deep. In Antwerp this year during three days of the Carnival one hundred and forty-seven great cart-loads of it were gathered from the streets.

The other substances mentioned are all for the teasing and tormenting of others. The serpentines, which are long, curled, paper ribbons, are thrown very often from upper windows on one side to those on the opposite side of the narrow streets, and in the light of the electric lamps these appear very much like great, beautiful spiders' webs.

Though the Carnival is an interesting sight, it is in its nature somewhat childish, nor is it entirely without its dangers. During the last few years hardly a celebration has passed without some serious accident. Many have made use of the disguise to roughly treat those who have offended them, which in some cases has resulted in death, in one or two instances of those who were innocent. It is principally for this reason no doubt that the National Assembly this year passed a law to the effect that this should be the last year of the Carnival, at least so far as the masking is concerned.

S. Q. C.

LIEGE, BELGIUM.

UNCLE EPH. AND THE INDIANS.

[Near the close of 1899 we offered a number of prizes for original articles suitable for the columns of the INSTRUCTOR. The committee appointed to pass upon the merits of the productions sent in competition have unanimously decided that the following narrative is entitled to the first prize offered «for best written narrative of incident, anecdote or sketch of eventful experience.» The sketch is signed «Sundown,» and is written by Harriet N. Young, Orangeville, Utah.—Ed.]

THE older readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, if not the younger ones, will recognize a name not easily forgotten, when Ephraim Hanks is mentioned.

That name belonged to a striking character who figured conspicuously in the early days of pioneering in Utah. He was a dear friend of my parents, at one time a neighbor and a frequent visitor at our house. As a child, it was a great pleasure to me to hear my father and «Uncle Eph.,» as he was familiarly called in our neighborhood, recount their experiences, during the first years of our people's settling up these valleys.

One of those occasions when Uncle Eph. paid us a visit comes distinctly to my mind now. I had been very sick, and Uncle Eph. had several times administered to me. He was a man of great faith, and his visits always made me perceptibly better. Upon that particular evening, the conversation was more than usually interesting.

Father brought in a pan of luscious apples, a rare luxury in those times in the section of country where we were living. Our family were blessed above many of our neighbors in having a dear old grandpa who lived in a fruitful valley, and had a fine orchard and a generous heart. To him as well as to the Lord we owed a debt of gratitude for the barrel of delicious fruit in our cellar.

After a lapse of fifteen years, I can recall the smile that crept over the face of our venerable friend, as he took one of the win-

ter beauties, bowed and said, «Yes, thank you, I think I will; it isn't often I get such a chance as this.»

And while Uncle Eph. wielded the paring knife, and that pan of apples became martyrs to his hearty appetite, it was refreshing to see how amply he did justice to father's cordiality, as we listened to an account of a most remarkable case of healing through the power of faith and the goodness of God.

The circumstance occurred sometime in the early fifties, while Uncle Eph. was carrying the mail from Great Salt Lake City to Laramie. He followed the example and teachings of President Brigham Young in his course with the Indians, making it a rule of his life never to ill-treat them. He gave to them his friendship and usually secured theirs in return. On the occasion now recalled, Brother Feramor Little was his traveling companion.

One afternoon a little earlier than their usual camping time, as they rode along the grassy banks of the Platte River, they came suddenly upon a camp of from three to four hundred Sioux Indians. At first they were at a loss to know what course would be best for them to pursue. But they soon decided that it would be safer to camp with or near the Indians, than to go on a few miles and run the risk of being followed and visited by some midnight marauder.

Accordingly they rode up within a few rods of the Indian lodges, pitched camp and began preparations for their frugal meal. Several of their dusky neighbors at once visited them. With a promise of some trifling reward they arranged to have their animals herded with the Indian horses which were feeding contentedly near by.

Uncle Eph. then left Brother Little to guard camp while he called upon the Indian chief, with a view to ascertaining whether the feelings of the Sioux were friendly toward the white men or otherwise. As soon

as he entered the chief's lodge, it was immediately filled with «braves,» all eager to know the «white man's» errand. Among the rest was an intelligent old Indian who understood the English language quite well. By his acting as interpreter, Uncle Eph. conversed with the Indians for some time, telling them, in brief, the history of their ancestors, as recorded in the Book of Mormon. To this they listened attentively, but their attention became a living interest when the «white man» told them of the restoration of the Holy Priesthood, and the power of faith attending it.

«I talk to Brigham Young, the Prophet,» Uncle Eph. explained. «Brigham Young talks to the Great Spirit, and the Great Spirit talks to Brigham Young, and tells him that when people are sick, or blind, or lame, we are to lay our hands upon them and ask the Great Spirit to take away their pain: and He will hear us and make them well.»

This caused a flutter of excitement among the Indians. The chief seemed to be giving orders of some kind. Three or four stalwart men left the lodge, and returned soon, carrying a young Indian on a blanket. He was evidently in great distress as he was placed upon a huge bear-skin in the center of the lodge.

The chief then explained that the sick man was his son. While hunting the day before, his horse had fallen with him, breaking his back. «We think,» added the chief, «he will die. You say you talk to Brigham Young, Brigham Young talks to the Great Spirit, and the Great Spirit tells you to lay your hands on the sick and they will get well. Now you lay your hands on my boy, and tell the Great Spirit that we want him to live. If he gets well, all right! Then we will believe what you say. But if he dies, then—I don't know! You lie!»

The feathered chieftain shook his head dubiously. His fierce, black eyes and those of his savage braves were fastened upon Uncle Eph. in a manner so terrible that their

looks might have frozen the very blood in the veins of any one who was not a very humble follower of the living God.

«Right there,» said the narrator, «I was convinced that Eph. Hanks is nothing, unless he is in full possession of the Spirit of God. I felt if my prayers at that time were unanswered, my life and the life of my companion would be worth no more than sparks cast into a stormy ocean. to say nothing of the trouble my talk, which I felt might have been too free, would undoubtedly bring upon the people who were forced to pass over the Indian possessions. I tell you, I pleaded with the Lord at that time, as I had never done in my life before, to hear me when my hands were laid upon that boy! I was a young man then, not through sowing wild oats. At that moment I felt my unworthiness before the Lord. But He respected the Priesthood which I bear, and did not forsake me in my hour of need.

«After having the young Indian, who moaned piteously in his agony, turned over and his scant clothing removed so that I could get at the injuries on his body, I anointed his back with consecrated oil from a bottle which I carried in my pocket. I then laid my hands upon his head, and in the name of Jesus Christ commanded him to be healed.

«No sooner were my hands removed, than the Indian sprang to his feet with wild exclamations of delight. The chief was also profuse in his expressions of joy and gratitude to the «white man that didn't lie!»—(the wonderful medicine man that could make the Great Spirit hear, and get Him to do good to poor Indians!)

«It is hardly necessary to say,» Uncle Eph. continued, «that we were undisturbed by the Indians, or any misgivings concerning them, that night. The next morning while we were saddling our horses, preparatory to resuming our journey, the young Indian who had been so miraculously healed the evening before, with several of his companions, came to us, bringing a beautiful buffalo robe, and

a sack containing about half a bushel of buffalo meat, dried and pounded with some kind of berries, or prepared in some such way, best known to the parties who did it; at all events, it was the best meat I ever tasted. These tokens were presented to me with the most profound display of respect and gratitude the Indians were capable of making. I assured them it was the Great Spirit, and not myself, who had healed the boy, and that they should thank Him and not me for it.

«Their gifts were accepted of course; I

could not well do otherwise; and we enjoyed them immensely.»

That Uncle Eph. had also enjoyed his feast of apples that evening, was evinced by the parings and cores left alone in the pan.

This little narrative came to me as a testimony of God's power and goodness. And when Uncle Eph. bade me good night, I felt in my heart to bless the friend who could recall the experience of his own humble life to increase the faith and strengthen the testimonies of others.



SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

VIII.—GOOD CHEER.

IF you have a Sunday School teacher who never smiles, make a sexton of him—let him live among the dead. You must bring good cheer to the living. Select your officers and teachers by the quality of their countenance. If you have a sullen or unhappy soul upon whose face the shadows of gloom are cast, revive him, stir him up as you would a fire, and call forth, if you can, the bright glow of a radiant soul. Whether the world is growing better or worse; whether it has a bright or a very dark side, students should be made to feel that through the teacher the world is brighter, and that the earth is better for their coming.

Good cheer is contagious. It may be heard in the intonation of the voice, or seen in the happy expression of the eyes. Good cheer is a compound of physical, mental and moral elements. When either of these elements is wanting, the happy soul can not be found. Attention, therefore, may be profitably given to those bodily conditions which contribute most to physical comfort and ease.

No teacher can come to the Sunday School heavily laden—I don't mean with care—but with food, and enjoy any great mental activity or spiritual pleasure. The Sabbath morning is entitled to our most considerate attention and hygienic care. There should be a freshness and a vitality which bring forth those strong physical impulses that have so much to do with the determinations and joys of life. Bathe well and eat moderately. Refrain from the drowsiness of over-sleep, and the utter relaxation of thrown-off cares, for the Sabbath is a day of rest and not a day of mental and spiritual drouth. It is rather a day of change; change from those physical labors devoted to the creation of wealth and the progress of life; change from care and anxiety, when the soul may more profitably be given up to communion with its Maker. The Sabbath is not merely a negative element contrasted with the positive life of man, and whatever produces undue solemnity and retards mental activity is not favorable to the Sabbath. Physical vitality on a Sunday morning should be at its best. The thoughts should be the most inspiring, and

the feelings the most devout. We should greet the Sabbath as a day of sunshine, a day brighter in the life of man than either of the other six. It is a day of truce in the battle of life when we are asked to forget all the perplexities and anxieties which mar our peace and happiness.

He or she who on the Sabbath morning would engender discord in the home and carry it to the Sunday School, does the school a wrong. Keep the horizon of the day bright and clear: dispel all the clouds of darkness which collect in the doubts and misgivings of the human soul. Feel that it is a sacred duty to be cheerful. Feel that it is a religious obligation of the day to free yourself from all discouragements of the week. Little children easily forget their troubles. They are prepared to receive almost anything the teacher is prepared to give. In the twinkling of an eye the teacher may kindle in their souls a joyous hope and a delightful satisfaction. On the Sabbath day—whatever the teacher may be during the week—he is an artist. It is his business to paint those beautiful and inspiring pictures of life which will fill the minds of the students with hope and joy and make the world more attractive to look upon.

What the child needs is not so much the solemn warnings of sin with pictures of its dark and beguiling pathways, as the hope of a brighter and better life and the assurances of a happiness which the sense of duty always brings.

Youth is the time when our faces should be turned toward the rising sun, and the child should be led eastward and not westward. Good cheer, then, has a higher and holier mission in the Sabbath School than solemn despair. The decisive age in the selection of a teacher depends upon whether he or she lives in the sunlight or sunset of life. Upon some lives the sun sets earlier than upon others, and the teacher who does not feel a strong impulse for a cheerful nature should realize that he has no place as an instructor or officer in the Sunday School. And he who does not look forward during the week days to the pleasures of Sunday morning is not living in the light and holiness of his calling. We may think our feelings are hidden from the children; but that is not true. They are extremely sensitive to the subtle influences of our natures. Let the teacher feel as he would want his class to feel, and harmony will exist between them.

J. M. Tanner.



POOR-HOUSE BOB.

A GOOD many years ago I taught a small village school in a thinly-settled county on the prairies of Illinois.

The school-house was as much unlike even the country school-houses of the present day as it could well be. Most of the houses in the neighborhood were primitive structures, but comfortable withal. They had great, wide fireplaces, into which there went such

huge back-logs as I have not seen for many years.

My school-house was of rough logs chinked with clay. There was a small window at the side of the door, and one on either side of the house. A fireplace almost as wide as the house filled the other end of the room. The floor was that provided by Nature: the seats were mostly of slabs, so clumsily and carelessly made that, as the boys used to say,

they tumbled over if you "even looked at them," and of course there was no lack of boys who diligently and gladly improved every opportunity that offered for upsetting the seats and the pupils who sat on them.

On cold and stormy days we would pile the oak and hickory logs high in that old fire-place, and bid defiance to wind and snow, poor as the house was.

A good many men who have achieved fame and fortune were boys in jeans and homespun in that old log school-house.

I did not begin teaching until late in November, and on the third day of school it stormed furiously all day, so that the attendance was very small, most of the boys and girls having to come two and three miles over snow-covered roads.

I did not expect any new pupils, but one came a few minutes after school had been called to order. It was so cold, and there were so few pupils, that I had given them permission to come as close to the fire as they pleased, and they were sitting—a dozen or more of them—in a half-circle before the roaring flames, when the door opened softly, and there came into the room a small, poorly-dressed, homely boy of about fourteen years, with a thin, odd, old face. He did not have any overcoat, his boots were ragged and were not mates, his trousers were old and thin, and his coat was out at the elbows. He was blue and shivering with the cold; in his hand he carried an old, dog-eared blue spelling-book and a cracked slate.

"How de do?" he said, with a smile, as he closed the door behind him.

"Good-morning!" I replied. "Come to the fire and get warm. Make room for him, some of you boys here."

But none of the boys seemed inclined to move, and I heard Bent Sifer whisper to Harvey Drake:

"I ain't going to move for Poorhouse Bob."

"I ain't either," replied Harvey. "Poor-house paupers ain't no business coming to school, anyhow."

"Bent Sifer," I said, "you and Harvey go back to your seats. Your faces are fairly red with the heat, and you ought to be willing to give newcomers a chance to get warm."

The boys sullenly obeyed, and I said to the newcomer:

"Here, my boy, come and take this seat. What is your name?"

"Bob."

"What else?" I asked.

"Bob Crale's my real name, but folks 'round here call me Pore-house Bob, 'cause I live in the pore-house."

"Well," I said, "I shall not call you that, no matter where you live. Are you going to come to school right along?"

"Will if I kin."

"And why can't you?"

"Well, some days I have too much work to do to come. But pap he coaxed 'em to let me come to-day, an' the keeper of the pore-house says he thinks I kin come much as half the time."

At recess-time Bob told me more about himself.

"My mother died four years ago," he said, "an' pap an' me would of got along all right, only pap got a shock o' palsy, so he didn't have no use o' his right arm an' leg, an' never kin use 'em agin—never! I thought I could make a livin' for both of us, an' we did git along some way or 'nother for most two years, but pap got so bad I didn't da'st leave him to work, an' finally we jest had to do it—we had to be tuk to the pore-house."

Bob told me this in a spirit of deep humiliation, which gave place to a look and tone of fixed resolve as he added:

"But, I tell you, we ain't goin' to stay in the pore-house. I gin up to it at last, 'cause pap had to be cared for better'n I could care for him, an' he ain't never been willin' for me to leave him. Then, too," he added, proudly, "we ain't porpers after all, for I work to the pore-farm. You ask Mr. Deane, the keeper

He'll tell you that I earn our keep there. I work hard there, an' folks that says we're porpers lies!»

«There, there!» I said, «don't use that word.»

«Well, it's so, anyhow!» he persisted. «I'm gettin' pretty big now, an' if folks don't stop callin' me Pore-house Bob, somebody will get hurt, see if they don't.»

Somebody did get hurt, and that right speedily. I had left the room to bring in another hickory back-log and when I returned two boys were rolling and tumbling about on the ground floor, upsetting benches and desks. Just as I entered the room the water-pail went over, drenching them both.

The boys were Bob and Bent Sifer, and they were engaging in a hand-to-hand encounter, with the odds in favor of Bob, for he was «on top,» when I seized him by the collar and Bent by the shoulder, and brought them both to their feet with a jerk that made their teeth click together.

«He begun it,» said Bent, sullenly.

«He called me 'Porper Bob,» protested Bob, «an' I said I'd lick the feller that called me that. I said so over 'n over agin.»

«See here, boys,» I said, sharply, that night after school, when all my pupils but Bob and Bent had gone home, «this won't do.»

«It won't do for him to call me names,» said Bob, sturdily.

«Who's a-calling names?» retorted Bent.

«You'd be if you da'st to, an' the—»

«Hush, hush!» I said.

And the dialogue ended then and there between Bob and Bent.

What I said and did need not be recorded here. Bob and Bent did not again come to blows that winter, although they clashed in other ways. The poor-house was as good as any other building in the neighborhood, and all of the families were poor enough, but it was considered a deep and lasting disgrace to become an inmate of the poor-house.

Although, as I took occasion to find out,

Bob's story was quite true, and he stayed at the poor-house only that he might be with and care for his invalid father, and notwithstanding the fact that he worked like a drudge on the poor-house farm, there were not lacking unkindly-disposed boys and girls who regarded him with great disfavor because he stayed under the poor-house roof. In their eyes there could be no extenuating circumstances for such a disgrace, and Bob was daily made to feel that he was a social outcast in the aristocratic community in which he lived.

I was surprised to know that some of the parents entertained this same feeling toward Bob.

One day old Peter Shafer, one of the trustees of the school district, overtook me on my way home from school, and invited me to «tumble in an' hev a ride.»

So I «tumbled in» to the rattling old wagon, and presently Mr. Shafer said:

«I hear Pore-house Bob's a-comin' reg'lar to school now.»

«Yes, as regularly as he can,» I said; «he comes a part of every day.»

«Wall, I reckon the boy ort to hev some eddication, but it's kinder gallin' to some of us to hev our children 'sociating with pore-house trash.»

«Indeed, Mr. Shafer,» I said warmly, «Bob is a well-behaved boy, and he is not a pauper in the popular sense of the term.»

«He lives to the pore-house, an' lives on what our taxes pervides, don't he?»

«He pays his way,» I said. «The keeper of the poor-farm told me himself that Bob more than paid in hard work the expense he and his father were to the county.»

«Wall, folks that lives to the pore-house is gen'rally called porpers,» said Mr. Shafer, doggedly, «an' I reckon it's a good name fer 'em. I don't think it's hardly fair that they kin go to school, an' set with an' hev the same privileges as decent children. I never see nothin' good come of a pore-house porper yit.»

Nothing I could do or say could create a kindly feeling for poor Bob among his school-mates, and his own good conduct counted for nothing.

He was a sensitive boy, and felt his position so keenly that I had some difficulty in prevailing on him to remain in the school; but he learned so fast, and was in many ways such a promising boy, that I was determined to keep him in school if possible.

Among my relatives living back in my Massachusetts home was an uncle, who was a man of considerable wealth and something of a philanthropist. I owed my own education to his generosity, and I often sent him letters telling him of my school and of my life in the West. One day he sent me a letter, a part of which ran as follows:

«I still have a scholarship left in Sawyer's College, and I have been thinking I could not put it to better use than to let some of those bright boys in your school earn it, if they have the spirit to do so. I don't intend giving it to anybody. Whoever gets it must work for it.

«There is, as you know, a preparatory grade in the college, so that pupils who can even read and write and spell fairly well can go, and my scholarship includes the preparatory department. I will see to it that the boy will have a chance to earn his board while in school and something more than his board during the vacations.

«When I was a boy in a country school, spelling matches were all the rage, and the best speller was usually the best in his other studies. So you can settle who shall have the scholarship with a grand stand-up-and-spell-down spelling match on the last day of school. The one that stands up longest shall have the scholarship.»

I read this letter in the school one afternoon when all the trustees and several other visitors were present.

It created a great sensation, and nothing else was talked of for a long time. As many as a dozen boys declared their intention of

competing for the scholarship. Sawyer's College was for boys and young men only, so that the girls of the school could not compete.

Benton Sifer, Billy Shafer—a son of old Peter Shafer—and Harvey Drake were the best scholars in the school, and I felt quite confident that the scholarship would fall to one of them if they competed for it; and that they intended entering the contest, each determined to win, was soon made manifest.

It seemed to me that each of them must soon know the spelling-book «by heart,» at the rate they studied it, writing and rewriting the words on their slates, and clamoring for spelling matches almost every evening.

We had a great many spelling-schools in the little, old school-house that winter, and a spelling contest in the school every Friday afternoon. The boys went to all the spelling-schools they could hear of in other districts, and gained the reputation of being able to «spell down» any school in the country.

In the eagerness and excitement of the time they almost ceased their persecution of poor Bob Chale, and when they did twit him, their taunt referred in some way to the spelling contest.

«You'd better try for it,» I heard Billy Shafer say tauntingly one day. «The college would be proud of a poor-house—»

I stepped forward in time to check further speech from Billy and an onslaught on Bob's part. He turned toward me, white with anger and with a grim, dogged look on his freckled face.

He was a fairly good speller, but in other studies the three boys named were far in advance of him, although they were of about the same age. But then, as Bob sorrowfully said one day, they had «a lots better show» than he had.

The trustees often came in to hear the school spell on Friday afternoons, and I could see that Peter Shafer was determined that Billy should win, if possible.

"Be as easy as you kin on his other studies," he said to me one day. "If he kin rake up in that scholarship he kin easy ketch up on his other studies. I'm 'feerd he'll never see the inside of a college, if he loses this chance."

The parents of Bent and Harvey were equally anxious that their sons should win the prize, so that the contest became very fierce as the term drew to a close.

When the great day came, the little school-house could not contain all who came to witness the contest.

It was a warm, sunny afternoon in early April, so warm that we could have the windows open, and a crowd stood around every window and at the open door.

Billy Shafer and Harvey Drake "chose up." Every pupil in the school who could spell at all was chosen. They took their places in two rows facing each other, and were to "spell across" until one side had "spelled down" the other.

Then all were to rise again, and the final contest was to be made. As each pupil failed to spell a word, he sat down, and the one standing last would be declared winner.

Harvey and Billy had chosen sides, and we were about to begin to spell, when I noticed that Bob Crale had not been chosen.

"Wait a moment," I said. "Here is Robert Crale; one of you choose him."

"We're even sides now," said Billy.

"I chose last; you can have him," said Harvey.

"It don't make any difference if the sides are even now," I said rather sharply. "I intend that Bob shall spell. Here Bob," I added, "go on Harvey's side."

"I guess you haven't gained much," said Billy to Harvey, in a half-whisper, emboldened by the presence of his father, who still thought that "porpers hadn't ort to go to school with decent folks."

Then the spelling began.

In about an hour Harvey's side had spelled the other side down, Billy missing purposely,

I think, that the great contest might the sooner begin.

There was perfect stillness in the little room when sixteen boys of the school stood in a row for the final contest.

Bob had missed "tyrannous" in the first contest, spelling it with but one "n," and several of the boys had tittered maliciously when he sat down. They tittered again when he took his place with the others for the final contest.

He was the thinnest, palest, poorest-clad boy of them all, and I wondered that he stood up with the others in the final contest, but was glad that he had the pluck to do so when defeat seemed so sure. The other boys had stood up long after he had sat down in the preceding trial.

For fifteen minutes not a word was missed. Then four boys missed "paralysis."

Three more failed to spell a word that I do not remember, two more failed on "phytochimy," and Bob spelled it correctly, to the evident surprise of the other boys as well as my own.

Bert Deane and Lou Beard missed "synergy," and Bob, pale and trembling, spelled it correctly. The excitement increased.

A moment later I pronounced the word "cylinder" to Harvey Drake. Without a moment's hesitation, he spelled it with two "d's."

"Next," I said.

"Didn't I spell it right?" he asked.

"Spell it again," I said.

"C-y-l-l-i-n-d-e-r," he said; and I passed the word to Benton Sifer.

He hesitated, seemed confused and excited, then confidently spelled it—with an "s."

"Next," I said.

And Bob, pale to the lips, but with perfect steadiness and clearness of tone, spelled it right.

He and Billy Shafer were now left. They stood face to face, both resolved to win.

A flush of anger spread over the grim features of Peter Shafer.

«Beat him, Billy!» he cried out harshly. «Don't you let no pore-house porper spell ye down.»

This ill-advised speech won Bob sympathizers and put him on his mettle.

Mr. Deane, keeper of the poor-house, retaliated for Bob.

«Mind your p's and q's, Bob,» he said, «and show 'em that paupers are not of a necessity fools.»

For forty minutes the boys spelled slowly, steadily and with extreme caution. Bob amazed me and the school.

Finally I gave the word «pererration» to Billy.

He hesitated, bit his lips in perplexity, and began to spell. He spelled the first syllable and stopped.

«Spell it right, boy!» cried his father.

«P-e-r-e-r-a-t-i-o-n,» he said, so slowly and distinctly that all heard beyond the possibility of a mistake.

«I'm sorry, Billy,» I said, «but that is not right. Can you spell it, Robert.»

«P-e-r-e-r-a-t-i-o-n,» he said.

And a great shout went up from the crowd while I was shaking both of Bob's trembling hands.

* * * * *

«I wasn't a bit surprised,» said Mr. Deane, to me, afterward. «If you could of seen the way that boy studied his old speller nights! He'd set there by the fire-place for hours at a time, and I and my wife and his father would take turn about pronouncing to him. He keeps saying he can't go anyhow, because he can't leave his father, but I'm afraid his father won't need him long; and a body can't feel so awful bad, when they know how the poor man suffers. He's told me a dozen times he'd be ready to go if Bob could only get that scholarship, and I reckon he'll be ready now.»

The poor, crippled father was quite ready to go when the messenger of death called him, two weeks later.

Bob went back East with me, and in the fall entered the preparatory department of the college.

If I were to give his real name now, some of my readers would recognize it as the name of a man who has held many offices of trust and honor in a Western State, and who is now a good and rich man, although he was once only «Poor-house Bob.»

Selected.



DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

RECENT IMPORTANT CHANGES.

THE division of the Salt Lake Stake into three, which was recently effected, caused a number of changes to become necessary in the officers of the Sunday Schools in the Salt Lake, Granite and Jordan Stakes. They are now as follows:

Granite Stake: George M. Cannon, Superintendent; Richard S. Horne, First Assistant; Asahel H. Woodruff, Second Assistant; James

C. Jensen, Secretary; Christian C. Steffenson, Treasurer; Aids: William Bradford, Joseph A. Cornwall, Stephen H. Love, Joseph Lindsay, George Arbuckle and William Wagstaff.

Jordan Stake: James Blake, Superintendent; James J. Williams, Jr., First Assistant; Robert M. Holt, Second Assistant; Armond F. Rundquist, Secretary and Treasurer; Aids: Marlin E. Andrus, Arnold Bollinger, John W. Wheadon and Albert Glover, Jr.

The officers of the Salt Lake Stake are now as follows:

Thomas C. Griggs, Superintendent; Willard C. Burton, First Assistant; Josiah Burrows, Second Assistant; Joseph Hyrum Parry, Secretary; H. B. Clawson, Jr., Treasurer and Assistant Secretary; Aids: Eli H. Peirce, Alonzo Young, J. W. Saunders, Miles A. Romney, Orson H. Worthington, William N. Anderson, W. N. B. Shepherd, Ezra O. Taylor, Joseph W. Maynes, Orson D. Romney, Henry Tuckett, D. Parrot (on mission), William M. Stewart, Robert H. Hodge, George Hickenlooper (on mission).

IN THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ON account of his many duties, Elder George D. Pyper was, on the 11th of Janu-

ary, 1900, released as Secretary of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, and Elder Horace S. Ensign was appointed in his place. Elder Leo Hunsaker still remains the Assistant Secretary and Stenographer. Communications should be addressed hereafter to Elder Ensign, at No. 408 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City. Elder Pyper will continue his labors with the Board, acting hereafter in the capacity of an aid.

HONORABLY RELEASED.

ELDER C. D. FJELDSTED was recently honorably released as an aid to the General Board on account of the many duties required of him in connection with the Scandinavian Saints.



A CHAPTER OF INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

A FEW weeks ago the writer had a very interesting conversation with Elder Peter A. Forsgren, the first man who embraced the Gospel in Scandinavia. He is a venerable old gentleman, seventy-four years of age; but is hale and hearty, and still able to work for his daily bread. Brother Forsgren resides in Brigham City. He was born in Gefle, Sweden, in 1826, and his life from his youth up to the present time has been made up of many marvelous incidents and experiences. I have secured for the readers of the INSTRUCTOR accounts of some events which took place in the history of this family, and am confident that they will be read with deep interest.

In the year 1849 religious freedom was granted to the people of Denmark, and on receipt of the good news, President Brigham Young dispatched three Elders to Scandinavia to proclaim the Gospel to the people of

that country. The names of these missionaries were: Erastus Snow, P. O. Hansen, and John E. Forsgren.

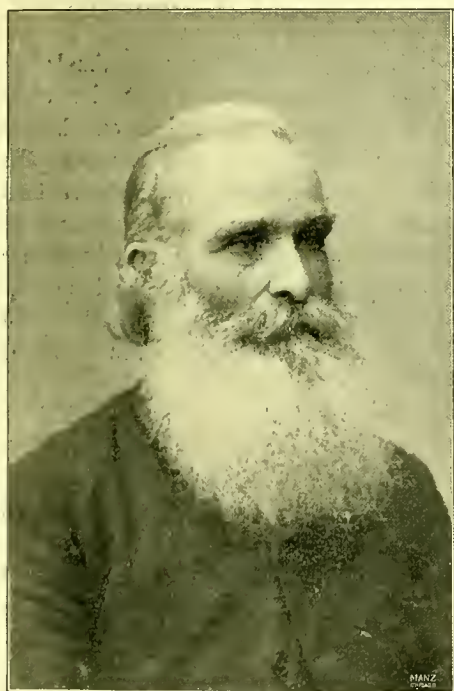
On their arrival in England, they were joined by Elder George P. Dykes, who accompanied them on their mission to Denmark. Soon after their arrival in Copenhagen, Elder Forsgren decided to visit his brother and sister, who resided in Gefle. He was kindly received by them, and they listened attentively while he gave them an account of the restoration of the Gospel in this dispensation. I will here describe a vision which was given to Elder Forsgren's sister some time before the arrival of her brother in that country. She had been a faithful attendant at religious worship in the Lutheran church; but the uninspired teaching of the priests of that denomination failed to satisfy the cravings of her soul.

One Sabbath morning before she went to

meeting, she knelt before the Lord, and besought Him to enlighten her mind, and to lead her into truth. As she sat in church, and while the choir was singing, she was given a heavenly vision. A mysterious person stood before her, and addressing her he said:

«On the 5th of July a man will come to you with three books, and all those that believe the things written in the books shall be saved.» Her soul was filled with hope, and she earnestly looked forward to the time when the words of the mysterious visitor

Elder Forsgren continued preaching the Gospel to the inhabitants of Gefle, and succeeded in converting a number of them. One day he was waited on by the city marshal, who invited the missionary to go home with him. When they arrived at the home of the marshal, the latter asked Elder Forsgren if he had a photograph of Joseph Smith, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative he asked the Elder to let him see it. Elder Forsgren handed him the picture, and the marshal set fire to it and burned it before his eyes.



THE FIRST PEOPLE BAPTIZED IN SCANDINAVIA.

would be fulfilled. The 5th of July at last arrived, and on that day a servant of the Lord—her own brother—came to her with three books—the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants.

Elder Forsgren's brother was the first to embrace the Gospel. He was baptized on the 19th day of July, 1850; his sister was baptized on the 3rd of August following, she being the first woman baptized in Scandinavia.

While the photograph was burning, Elder Forsgren was given a vision, in which he thought he beheld much of the city of Gefle destroyed by fire. When he met his sister he told her what had happened, and of what he had seen in vision. She asked him if he could tell her when the city would be destroyed. He answered that he could not; but that she need not worry, for she would be in America when the fire would break out.

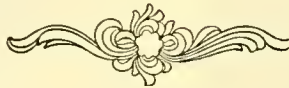
Nineteen years from that date, strange to relate, a fire broke out in the house in which the photograph of the Prophet Joseph Smith was burned. Before it could be extinguished, every house, save one, on the north side of the river was reduced to ashes, as Elder Forsgren had seen them in his vision.

On the 23rd of December, 1852, Brother Forsgren and his sister left their native land, in company with their brother, to gather with the Saints in Zion. After a tempestuous sea voyage of ten weeks, they arrived in New Orleans. They proceeded to St. Louis, where they remained about a month, and then journeyed to Keokuk, where several companies of the Saints were organized and equipped. While crossing the Plains, one night Brother Forsgren had a dream. He dreamed that he had met with an accident in which he thought he got seriously hurt. So real did this seem to him that in his dream he cried out as if suffering great pain. He thought his arm had got injured, and imagined he could feel the pain of it. The next morning when the companies were preparing to start, Brother Forsgren told his brother

John that he did not care to drive that day. He related to him his dream, and said he felt that some evil would befall him if he were to drive the oxen. His brother persuaded him that it was merely a silly imagination that had come into his head, and that it would be all right with him. So Brother Forsgren at last took his seat on the wagon behind two yoke of oxen.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when going down a hill, some of the oxen became unmanageable and Brother Forsgren, in striving to bring them under control, got down between them. He was being severely crushed by the animals, and was trying to crawl out from under them, when the wheel of the wagon caught him and pushed him in front of it for some distance. He was badly hurt, and was confined to his bed for several days. He realized the mistake he had made in hearkening unto man rather than unto God. Had he been obedient unto the heavenly dream, he would have escaped the injury he received that day.

W. A. M.



MARCUS KING, MORMON.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT a week after the departure of the handcart company, Marcus started westward with his wagon company. The last act before leaving was to mail a letter to his mother. The season was late, but the company was small and they could travel rapidly. Marcus soon learned to accommodate himself to his surroundings. He followed the example of the other teamsters and walked by the wagon most of the time,

although he could have ridden. Elder James had explained to the captain of the company Marcus King's former position, and he had made it as easy as possible for the ex-minister. Had Marcus known this he would have resented it. He felt as though he wanted to work with the rest. He was no better than they, even though his whole life up to that time had been one of bodily ease, and his training unfit for the life of a pioneer.

After the day's journey Marcus was oftentimes extremely tired; and when the tents were pitched and the fires were lighted, (which was only when they had plenty of wood and there was no danger of Indians,) he never had strength to join in any merriment. At first, the dancing, in which they often indulged, seemed strange to Marcus. Why should religious people dance, especially when on such a journey? After the hard day's toil, out would come a violin, a space on the grass would be cleared, and a dozen couples merrily whirled into the strains of the weird music. He had once expressed his doubts as to its propriety to a brother teamster who had crossed the Plains a number of times, and he had explained that it was a good thing to drive away «the blues.» They had been standing looking at a merry crowd, and at that moment a good-looking, roguish maiden had stepped up to them, and said that she was looking for a partner. The teamster had instantly taken the girl's arm and slipped it into Marcus's, and before he knew what he was doing, he was whirling away with her over the soft grass. The truth was, as he afterwards learned, that the girl had taken the bold step that she might say she had danced with a very sanctimonious sectarian minister. After that she was not the only one with whom he stepped to the music's time.

But they did not always dance during the evenings. There were a good many fine singers in the company, and the songs of Zion often rang out over the still, moonlighted prairies. They always rested on Sunday and held religious services. Marcus was interested in the strange sermons often delivered, and he could not help contrasting them with the smoothly flowing, logically arranged discourses which he and his fellow-ministers had been trained to give. There were a number in the company who were returning home from a two or three years' mission, and the experiences which they related were often extremely interesting. Marcus

was asked to speak a number of times. Dressed in a blue «jumper» and his corduroy trousers tucked into the tops of his long boots, he mounted the dry-goods box and did the best he could under his changed environments. One Sunday he told them his history and how he came to a knowledge of the truth. After the meeting, an elderly lady came up to him with tears in her eyes.

«Dear brother, God bless you!» she said. «I left a boy at home, a boy about your age. He is in the seminary learning to be a Methodist preacher. He couldn't see the truth, though I talked with him about the Gospel.»

She clung to his hands and looked the young man in the face, while the tears slowly trickled down the care-worn furrows in her cheeks.

«And you also have a mother?» she asked.

«Yes; I have a mother at home.» She still clung to his hands; and a big lump arose in his throat. If ever he had seen a saintly face, he thought, this must be one before him. His eyes grew dim; he could not see the wagons, or cattle or tents; the rolling prairie faded as a dissolving view and another picture came into its place, a wonderful, ever-changing picture. In it was his mother, and Alice, fair Alice, with a sweet, sad smile; the old home embedded in trees and flowers; the cosy study with walls of books; the church and upturned faces; the hills covered with forests; the river, bending in broad silvery bands around the town of Hungerton; every trifling detail mingled and mixed, and then stood out in clear distinctiveness in this wonderful kaleidoscopic picture.

«Brother King, will you come with me to my tent?» said the sister. «I do want to talk with you?»

«Yes; come!»

She led the way to a tent. The sun was sinking through a hazy sky. The wild odor of the Plains pervaded the evening air. The camp lay as a speck of life on that vast level surface, even as a lone ship in mid ocean.

Before some of the tents small fires blazed, and there were the usual preparations for the evening meal.

«Janet, Brother King has come to eat supper with us.»

The girl busy at the fire suddenly straightened herself. Her mother's greeting startled her and she looked somewhat confused.

«I invited him to come and see us, and of course he'll stay to supper. I want to have a talk with him, he reminds me so of your brother David. Haven't you met my daughter before Brother King?»

«Not to speak to her, I think,» said Marcus.

«I'm pleased to meet you, Brother King,» said the girl, giving him a warm shake of the hand.

«Can you find a seat? We left our chairs at home, you know. Here, take this box—let me put this quilt on it.»

Marcus looked, nearly stared, at the girl. She wore a dress of light calico, which became her as though it had been of a much finer material, fitting perfectly the full, rounded, and not large, figure. Her face was full of warm color, and she had red hair. The novelist would have called it auburn, or golden, or some such evading term, but in truth it was plain red; and it was just the proper color, too. Any other shade would not have blended so naturally and beautifully with that clear, rosy skin. The girl's faint, pleasant smile, and easy, graceful manner as she moved about the camp, also drew the young man's attention.

«Now then, dear folks,» said Marcus, perceiving that they were making some extra effort for his comfort, do not put yourselves to any inconvenience on my account. Though this life is new to me, if I mistake not it is equally foreign to you.»

«Yes,» said the mother, «we made great sacrifices to get to Zion this year, and this mode of traveling is hard on old people like—but mind, I'm not complaining; if I may but lay my bones with the people of God, I shall be content.»

«Mother's always talking of laying down her bones, Brother King, when the fact is that she's strong and will live many years yet. She stands this trip nearly as well as I do.»

The meal of milk and bread and fried bacon was spread out on a cloth in the tent, and bundles and boxes were brought upon which to sit. Sister Harmon, (for that was their name) also brought out a tin of preserves.

«Where did you say you came from, Brother King?»

Marcus told her.

«Why, Janet, we've lived within ten miles of Brother King all our lives. We came from Newton, ten miles from Hungerton. You know the place?»

«Yes,» said he. «I've been at Newton a number of times; but I'm not acquainted much there.»

«Well, it's interesting, anyway, isn't it, Janet?»

«It's quite strange,» answered Janet. «Have another piece of bread, Brother King. Ashes got in my bake pan, and it's not very nice looking, but»—

«Don't offer any excuses, sister; I think I can understand all your difficulties in the way of cooking.»

«Well, well,» the mother continued to repeat, «and so you're from Hungerton. Strange that I should not have seen you. I've been there a number of times. Do you remember to have met Brother King, Janet?»

«No, I do not now remember, mother. Have some of this preserve. This came all the way from home.»

And so they talked and ate. Sister Harmon told of her son David, who ridiculed Mormonism; what a time they had had with him, and how wild he had been when he learned that they were going to Utah. Janet said but little, and Marcus tried as best he could to cheer them. He found that he was not alone in trials. No doubt these two women had passed through tribulation for the truth. Perhaps every soul in that camp had made a

sacrifice, many of them greater than his own. His visit that evening helped Marcus to be more contented with his lot. *He* was not such a hero, after all.

Westward, westward the emigrant train moved, rolling in long procession across the prairie, slowly climbing the hills, and coming down the inclines with rattle and confusion. Every night the wagons were placed in a circle forming a corral or enclosure, into which the cattle were driven, next morning to be yoked. The daily routine of the same things, day after day, week after week, began to be irksome to Marcus King. At the end of a month it seemed to him that they might have passed half way around the globe.

Still westward they moved. The season was getting late and they would have to hurry. The nights began to be cold, and a number of the last streams had a coating of ice. Marcus was sunburnt, and roughened, and shaggy enough for any frontiersman. He might have walked through the streets of Hungerton without being recognized.

He was always free and friendly with every member of that company; but still there are always preferences. He seemed to find the best companionship in Sister Harmon and her daughter. He soon learned that they were of a class akin to the one to which he had belonged. Their modes of living, their thoughts and tastes, had been like his own. They were intelligent. Janet had been to the best schools. Marcus had no doubt that the now calloused hands could better bring sweet sounds from ivory keys. This preference was natural enough. Marcus had not become a "Mormon" in a day. It takes time to make radical changes in thought and action, and Marcus could not be blamed for oftentimes passing the wilder, more boisterous group to have a quiet chat with Janet and her mother.

One morning Janet came to where Marcus was walking beside his wagon. Her mother was not well enough to walk, and it had been so lonesome.

"I'm glad you came over," Marcus said, when she tried to give some excuse for coming. "I'm glad you came, Janet. Walk along with me a while and we'll have a talk."

There had been a brisk shower the night before, and the road did not give out its usual cloud of dust. The air was cool, and it was a pleasure to begin the day's journey. Janet took off her large straw hat, that the cool breeze might better blow into her warm face.

"Janet, I think you might have let your mother finish that story the other evening."

Janet got the whip and proceeded to give it a number of fire-cracker pops; but she did not answer Marcus.

"It promised to be a regular romance. I always did admire a good story, and I haven't read one for so long that I fairly hunger for one. You tell me it, Janet."

"It was nothing, indeed it wasn't. Mama colored it so. I was nearly out of patience with her."

"Which was wrong?"

"Of course it was; and I am sorry for it. Did you see the handcart company start from Iowa City?"

Marcus smiled at her turning of the subject.

"Yes; and the captain said yesterday that it is not far ahead."

"I've wondered all along why we do not overtake them."

"Brother Brown said that a handcart company of strong young people can beat any ox-train across the Plains; but I understand this company just in front has many old people, and they are having a hard time."

Then he told her of the start he witnessed at Iowa City. "It would have been extremely funny had it not been for the sadness of the scene. Your mother was just saying, the other evening when you interrupted her, that—"

"Brother King, how is it that we haven't seen any Indians? Our friends at home said we would be scalped sure, but I told them that

no Indian would dare to touch my hair—he'd burn his fingers if he did.»

«I hadn't heard that red-skins were afraid of—of, that is—»

«Of red hair? How stupid you are! What's the use of being so delicate about telling the truth. It's red, and I know it, and you know it. I'm not one of those people who do not like to be told their hair is red.»

«Well, for my part, I think you are sensible in that; besides, some people look better with red hair. I don't think the Creator made any mistake. I believe this subject had a bearing on the story your mother was telling.»

«It hadn't; not a bit.»

«Well, how did it happen, then—»

«I must go to mother. She may need me.»

«No; she doesn't. See, she's sitting up in the wagon, and talking to the driver. I'll warrant she's telling him the rest of that story.»

«O, Brother King, you're an awful man!»

Then they both laughed and walked on in silence.

«Shall I tell you that story?» she asked.

«Yes; do.»

«Well, once upon a time—»

«Now, don't compose as you go along.»

«Don't interrupt me, or I will lose the thread of the narrative.»

«Excuse me.»

«Once upon a time a young man and a young woman with red hair were engaged to be married. The young woman become a Mormon and then the young man wouldn't have her.»

«Well?»

«That's all.»

«That's pretty short.»

«Yes; the engagement was pretty short.»

«You don't seem to be sorry over it.»

«I'm not a bit sorry. I'm glad it turned out as it has.»

«Won't you get on my wagon and ride? You must be tired.»

«O, no; I'm not. I want to hear *your* story now.»

«My story?»

«Yes, your story; now don't deny that you have one.»

«No, Janet, I'll not deny it. I have one and I'll tell it to you.»

Their laughter had ceased.

«It's very strange—our two stories. Janet, if I hadn't become a Mormon I would now have been a married man, and had for a wife the sweetest and best girl in Hungerton.»

«It must have been hard for you. You cared, I can see that.»

«Cared, I wish I hadn't. I wish I didn't now care; but I don't know that I should say that, it may be wrong. Yes, Janet, Alice is a good girl, but of course she doesn't understand. I would gladly have left all the rest if only Alice had come with me.»

Marcus had become so earnest that Janet could say nothing. At this point the train came in sight of an immense herd of buffaloes. They had been to the river for water and were now heading for their feed grounds again. The great moving mass seemed to be coming directly upon the long train. Apparently the train of wagons was directly in the path of the herd. As the animals came nearer, the captain of the train came riding on a mule and shouted orders to the drivers. The front wagons were hurried forward as fast as possible while the captain rode by Marcus, and the very next wagon behind him was ordered to turn about as quickly as possible. This movement made a large gap in the train, for which the leaders of the herd now made. The earth fairly shook as on they came.

Janet stood still for an instant, then with a cry turned to run back across the gap.

«Mother, O, mother's back there!» she said.

Marcus caught her and forcibly held her. «Your mother's all right,» he said. «The buffaloes will tramp you under foot. Come, get back here.»

The foremost animals were now in the

opening and the herd pressed closely behind. Through they swept, with great shaggy heads, wild eyes, and dilated nostrils. The drivers stood guard over the nearest cattle, to prevent any stampede. As the last stragglers went galloping by, pop, pop, went the rifles and a buffalo dropped not twenty yards from where Marcus was standing and Janet clinging to his arms.

«Couldn't let that chance go by without getting some fresh meat,» said the hunter, one of the teamsters.

Janet was pale, and trembled violently. As soon as the wagons drove up again, she hastened to her mother, and there she had a good cry.

That evening the whole company had fresh buffalo steak for supper. Marcus came to Sister Harmon's tent, as he said, to see what practical value Janet's course in the cooking school had been; but that evening, after the company had gathered for prayers, and thanks had been given to God for His watch care that day, Marcus touched Janet's arm and said:

«Those things we were talking about to-day—let it be only between you and me.»

«Yes: of course,» she answered.

«Then goodnight.»

«Goodnight.»

Nephi Anderson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



GREETING AND ADVICE FROM ABROAD.

THOUGH I am seven thousand miles from home and from my dear friends in the Sunday School, my thoughts nevertheless very often wander over sea and land to our dear mountain home and to the sturdy and virtuous children of Zion. I am afraid that but very few of these can appreciate the unspeakable blessing they enjoy in being trained and educated in the pure principles of the Gospel and in associations where, in spite of all our imperfections and failings, they are taught both by precept and example to love the heavenly attributes of virtue, of chastity, and of all that is noble and exalting. Walking in this path in life they feel happy; the light of the Spirit of God dwells in their hearts and when in future life they look back on their youth they can do so with joy and satisfaction. They are not ashamed of their young days, but with their eyes lifted heavenward they can say, Abba, Father.

It is not so here in the world. The majority of the youth here pass at the age of fourteen what is called a confirmation and most of them for some years look forward to that day as to a day of deliverance; they will then be free men and women—that is, the boys can then smoke cigars, drink whiskey, court the girls, etc., and the girls can have sweethearts and «enjoy life» with as much giddiness and frivolity as they please. While there are exceptions, these are as rare as it is to see our youth at home take this downward course.

When I contemplate this contrasted situation, how thankful do I feel that I heard the Gospel in my youth, and that I now have the satisfaction to know that my children and grandchildren are born and reared in our lovely mountain home. I truly feel this a blessing, and I desire once more to encourage my dear young friends to learn to appreciate the unspeakable blessing that they enjoy in

having been born and reared in the true principles of the Gospel. It has often been said, and I verily believe it, that the noblest spirits in the heavenly dwellings have been held and prepared to come to earth in this dispensation, and it is unquestionable that they are coming to the Saints. There is one very apparent fact, of which I believe every missionary who has been out in the world will bear witness: that when it comes to the question of intelligence and ability, the children of Zion are far in advance of the world in every respect. My thoughts often revert to the few hours I spent in the B. Y.

Academy. I saw there over seven hundred students, beautiful, well-formed young men and young women; while here I can hardly look out of the window without seeing cripples and unfortunates in all directions. Thinking of all this causes me to feel thankful and desirous of being worthy the great blessing God has bestowed upon us. Every thought of our heart and every interest in our life should be devoted to the welfare of the kingdom of God.

Christopher J. Kempe.

NORWAY.



A QUAIN DUOL.

IT was during the campaign of 1779, Washington had established his headquarters at West Point, while General Putnam was stationed with several bodies of troops at Buttermilk Falls, about two miles below. At this period the fortifications at West Point were constructed under the supervision of Putnam, and to one of the forts the gallant hero also gave his name.

It chanced one day that General Putnam made some remark within hearing of an English officer, then a prisoner on parole, in which he reflected somewhat severely upon the character of the British. The officer received the remark as a personal insult and immediately sent the general a challenge. Fatigued with his arduous duties, Putnam had retired to his quarters. Removing by plentiful ablution the dust and heat of a day's toil, amid the fastnesses of West Point, and after partaking of such simple refreshment as the times afforded, he had just seated himself at the door of his tent, and, baring his brow to the cool, delicious breeze sweep

ing up from the river, was invigorating his weary frame with the luxury of a pipe. At this moment the challenge of the English officer was handed him.

Putnam glanced at the missive with keen eye, and impatiently throwing it down exclaimed: «Challenged, Challenged, eh! Why, the fellow is a greater fool than I took him to be. Well, well, I'll humor the puppy!» Then, coolly finishing his pipe, he called for pen and ink, accepted the challenge, and appointed the place of meeting—time, an early hour the following morning. After despatching a messenger to the quarters of the Englishman, he strolled around the barracks, inspecting the garrison stores, etc. Among these were several barrels, or casks, filled with onions, at sight of which a new idea appeared to strike the humorous general. He immediately ordered one of these to be transported to an adjoining field and placed in a particular spot, which he pointed out to the subaltern.

It was at an early hour of a glorious day—

in the beautiful month of October, that the British officer took his way over the fields on his murderous errand. As he approached the place of meeting, he perceived his antagonist already on the ground; and certainly, for one whose moments were perhaps numbered, he seemed to be taking it very easy. Seated on a low camp-stool, beneath the wide-spreading branches of a large sycamore, was «Old Put,» one elbow resting on the top of a barrel, his legs carelessly stretched out, and with half-closed eyes composedly enjoying his favorite pipe. The officer advanced somewhat hastily, amazed at the indifference of one whose life hung on the cast of a bullet. Not until within a few feet of Putnam did the latter take the least notice of him, and then merely with a slight inclination of the head motioning him to take the seat on the opposite side of the barrel. In the head of the barrel there was a small opening, in which a match had been inserted, and no sooner was the officer seated than Putnam proceeded to ignite it with his pipe, coolly remarking as he did so: «You see there is the same chance for both of us,» then resumed his smoking.

The Englishman was horrified. He could face danger on the battlefield, he could without shrinking bare his breast to the bullet of the duelist, but to be blown up—annihil-

ated at once—to dance in «thin air» by so unsoldier-like and terrible a mode of warfare, was more than his courage could dare. Like Bob Acres, he «felt it rapidly oozing out at his finger ends,» yet honor forbade retreat. According to the duelist's code, he must abide by the decision of Putnam, who had his choice of weapons, and, good heavens! what had the daring, reckless Yankee chosen—a barrel of gunpowder! for such were evidently the contents of the cask; and with feelings indescribable he watched the slow ignition of the match and the gradual down-creeping of that flame which in a few moments would probably send him to eternity!

As the fire reached the opening there was a fizzing, crackling sound, a slight explosion, accompanied by a strange odor. Brave as he was, the officer could endure no more. «I'll not be murdered in this manner!» he exclaimed, precipitately rising to make good his retreat.

«Ho! ho! brave sir,» shouted Putnam, coolly knocking the ashes from his pipe, «you are just the man I took you for. This is but a barrel of onions you mistake for powder, with a few grains scattered on top to try you by. *But I see you don't like the smell!*»

Selected.



PERSEVERE.

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike it with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky;
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys,
You'll succeed at last.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

INDIVIDUAL CREDIT AS APPLIED TO TITHE-PAYERS.

WE do not think these columns the proper place for the discussion of the innumerable technical questions that some correspondents choose to think out and to ask with reference to the payment of tithing. The law itself is a very plain one, and the instructions that have been and continually are being given leave no room for doubt or misunderstanding in the minds of those who really want to obey the commandment in its true spirit.

At the same time it may do no harm to say a word upon one point which is called to attention by a letter recently received. The writer asks: «Is it right for a wife to have her tithing credited to her husband? We have some men in our ward who last year did not pay a cent, but still they got the credit for what their wives paid. Of one such man the Bishop said: «He would have been recorded as a non-tithe-payer, but his wife saved his bacon.» I know the husband and wife should be one, but should the oneness go to the extent of her losing the credit which properly belongs to her, and his getting credit which he does not earn?»

Very little space need be devoted to answering a question so easy as this. Clearly the wife is entitled to her own credit for the tithing which she pays, and she has the right to have her name placed upon the record of tithe-payers. Every child even has the same right. It has in many families been the rule to have the head of the household pay the tithing for his entire family, and receive the credit on the books—that is, he tithed his income, or earnings, or interest, and from the remainder gave to his family the means for their support. This is perfectly proper, and if the tenth has been paid in this manner the requirements of the law have been complied

with. At the same time, the wife, out of any earnings, or income, or interest of her own, and the sons and daughters likewise, should also pay a tenth, and they have the right to make such payment in their own name and receive the credit. We do not say that there is anything wrong in all the tithe-payers in the family placing the total credit in the name of the head of the household, if they so desire. Many prefer this method as tending to maintain the oneness of the family. At the same time there is an encouragement to obedience to the law, and an opportunity for each one to get his or her name on the records, where the practice is followed of giving each one his or her individual credit for the amount paid. The instructions at the present time incline to this latter plan; and certainly, now or at any time in the past, the wife could not be denied the right to have her tithing credited to her in her own name if she wished it. As to the men who are not tithe-payers except as their wives, out of their own interest, place something to their credit, they are still non-tithe-payers in fact, and if they claim the credit thus given them, they are guilty of unworthily evading the commandment. The men whose «bacon is saved» by their wives in this way, as the Bishop above quoted expresses it, need not flatter themselves that they are deceiving or gaining any reputation with their Bishop or those who know of their action, or with the Lord. We would not give much for «bacon saved» in that way.



THAT «REMARKABLE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS RECORD» AGAIN.

IN the «Editorial Thoughts» in No. 1 of this volume we spoke of the remarkable record of a former Sunday School class in Davis Stake—a class which twenty-nine years ago consisted of fifteen young men, all of

whom, as narrated at the recent Sunday School conference in that Stake, are now occupying positions of considerable prominence in Church and Sunday School work. There has been some inquiry for further information concerning the interesting record referred to, and Brother A. S. Rose of Farmington has supplied it. We give it publication, not to excite any improper emulation or jealousy or in any spirit of boastfulness, but rather as a lesson of encouragement to present laborers in Sunday Schools.

Brother Rose, as a visitor, taught the class on Sunday morning the 11th of December, 1870, on which occasion eleven out of the fifteen enrolled members were present. It was a Book of Mormon class, and Brother James T. Smith was superintendent of the school. All the fifteen boys were born in Farmington, and all are living today, staunch in the faith and active in the work, as the following list will show, their names, present address, occupation, and ecclesiastical position being given:

1. Myron J. Richards, farmer, Bishop at Riverside, Malad Stake, Utah.

2. Lorin J. Robinson, merchant at Oakley, assistant superintendent of Sunday Schools for Cassia Stake, Idaho.

3. Joseph S. Clark, farmer, second counselor to President Hess, Davis Stake, Utah.

4. John Millard, superintendent of Sunday School at Oakley and clerk of Cassia Stake, Idaho.

5. Andrew L. Rogers, farmer, first counselor to the Bishop and superintendent of Sunday School at Snowflake, Arizona.

6. Walter Grover, farmer, Bishop of Garland, Box Elder County, Utah.

7. Hyrum S. Clark, farmer and stockman, first counselor to the Bishop and superintendent of Sunday School at Auburn, Uintah County, Wyoming.

8. Daniel G. Miller, farmer, first counselor to the Bishop, Parker Ward, Idaho.

9. George Richards, farmer, Patriarch and counselor to President Gowans, Tooele Stake, Utah.

10. Jedediah Earl, merchant, superintendent

of Sunday School at Collinston, Box Elder Stake, Utah.

11. Henry Hess, farmer, Bishop of Fielding, Malad Stake, Utah.

12. Jacob F. Miller, president of the fifty-sixth quorum of Seventies, and professor of mathematics and languages at the B. Y. College, Logan, Utah.

13. Wilford Clark, farmer, Bishop of Montpelier, Bear Lake Stake, Idaho.

14. E. O. Wilcox, merchant and farmer, first counselor to Bishop Hess, and superintendent of Sunday School at Fielding, Malad Stake, Utah.

15. Oliver L. Robinson, farmer, Bishop of Egin, Fremont Stake, Idaho.



THE GIFT AND STUDY OF ART.

BROTHER JOSEPH IRWIN of Laketown, Utah, sends us a specimen of drawing done by Warren Campbell, a 12-year-old Sunday School boy of Rich County. For an artist of this age, the sketch (which represents the Temple) is highly creditable, and gives promise of far better things if the boy will but apply himself and strive earnestly for that excellence which comes only as the result and reward of labor. He is said to be a puny little chap physically, and to have completed this sketch in a remarkably short space of time.

We wish more of our young people would make a study of art. There would seem to be every inspiration in our surroundings, and there ought to be here and there much latent talent which study and practice would develop. On our part, we shall be pleased to reproduce in the columns of the INSTRUCTOR occasional specimens possessing merit if they are of such a character as to permit of their being engraved or etched. True art is to be loved for itself; but talent in this line is also worthy of cultivation by reason of the constant and evergrowing demand for it in book, magazine, and newspaper illustration—modern printing of the best kind being very nearly as much a matter of picture as of type. Of course there is much wretchedly

poor work put forth, but that fact need not discourage real lovers of art nor those who have within them the germs of the true gift.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE GREAT SUNDAY SCHOOL CAUSE IN ZION.

THE general annual conference of the Sunday Schools of the Church, which was held in the Tabernacle on the evening of Sunday, April 8, was a most interesting and impressive occasion. It was characterized by a large attendance of officers and members (thirty-four Stakes of Zion responding to the roll); and the instructions were timely and earnest.

From the reports received by the secretary of the general board, it appears that there are now engaged in the great Sunday School cause over one hundred and twenty thousand souls! What a mighty army of children this is! How wonderfully has the work grown in effectiveness and in extent! What possibilities for the future, what hopes for the welfare and strength of Zion, are suggested by the contemplation of these figures! How greatly blessed are the Saints and the children of the Saints in their homes, their surroundings, their opportunities and the gifts and graces of the Gospel of Jesus Christ!

The work which is being performed among the youth of Israel is truly a labor of love, and it is abundant in its rewards. Those who give are equally blessed with those who receive. It is a work which grows sweeter and more enjoyable the longer and more earnestly it is pursued. One who takes hold of it with heartiness and in the true spirit of it, can never lose interest and pleasure in it, only as he or she shall lose the faith and the light that accompany the true Saint. Thus pupils grow up to be teachers, many of them to be superintendents, while in their places in the class come their children and

grandchildren, until silver-haired sires and matrons mingle in the beloved Sunday School with prattling children, budding youth and matured manhood. It is a mighty work—this Sunday School cause in Zion; may heaven's choice blessings continue to attend it in the future as they have done so richly in the past!



INTERESTING SUNDAY SCHOOL FIGURES.

Some interesting items from the Sunday School Statistical Report of 1899 are herewith given:

Large Schools.—The following Sunday Schools have each a total enrollment of above 500:

10th Ward, Salt Lake City,	Total Enrollment	510
11th " " " " "	"	565
21st " " " " "	"	508
22nd " " " " "	"	533
4th " Provo,	"	512
1st " Ogden,	"	577
American Fork,	"	588
Hyrum, Cache Co.,	"	523
Kaysville, Davis Co.,	"	533
Richfield, Sevier Co.,	"	579
Moroni, Sanpete Co.,	"	512
Ephraim, "	"	583
Fairview, "	"	633
Pleasant Grove, Utah Co.,	"	626
Cedar City, Iron Co.,	"	642
East Bountiful, Davis Co.,	"	701
St. George,	"	878
Lehi,	"	1272

Small Schools.—The following are the smallest schools reported:

Woodruff, Malad Stake,	Total Enrollment	20
Woodland, Snowflake Stake,	"	24
Heber, " " "	"	24

Ham's Fork, Woodruff Stake, Total Enrollment	21
Galeana, Juarez Stake, " "	18
American Falls, Pocatello Stake, Total " "	16

In Foreign Missions.—The largest schools in foreign missions of the Church are:

Stockholm, Sweden,	Total Enrollment	366
Christiania, Norway,	" "	211
Laie, Sandwich Isles,	" "	197
Aarhus, Denmark,	" "	142
Hamburg, Germany,	" "	140
Gottenberg, Sweden,	" "	130
Nuhaka, New Zealand,	" "	123
Rotterdam, Holland,	" "	121
Amsterdam, Holland,	" "	108
Brisbane, Australia,	" "	102
Skane, Sweden,	" "	102
Copenhagen, Denmark,	" "	100

Average School.—The average school in the stakes of Zion numbers, all told, (officers, teachers and scholars) 165, in the foreign missions 33.

There are in the schools in the stakes an average of eight scholars to every teacher (including officers).

Word of Wisdom.—The reports from the various Stakes of Zion in regard to keeping the Word of Wisdom by the schools, show as follows:

2 Stakes report a nearly perfect observance.
2 Stakes report 95 per cent.
7 " " 90 "
6 " " 85 "
2 " " 80 "
14 " " 75 "
1 " " 70 "
4 " " 65 "
2 " " 50 "

These stake reports apply to the Sunday Schools only.

Sunday School Tithe-Payers.—On the subject of Tithing the stakes report regarding those belonging to the schools who ought to and who do pay tithing, as follows:

11 Stakes report 100 per cent as tithe-payers.
14 " " 95 " "
8 " " 90 " "

2 Stakes report 85 per cent as tithe-payers.
3 " " 70 " "
1 " " 65 " "
1 " not reported.

A NOVEL YOUNG AMERICAN IDEA.

THE American school boy is an irrepressible element, and of anything that he undertakes in earnest, he is pretty certain to make a success. Recently some thirty thousand of young hopefuls who are attending the schools in New York, Boston and Philadelphia united in greetings and a message of sympathy to President Kruger of South Africa in his war with Great Britain; and in order to make the affair as prominent, and to get as much advertising out of it as possible, a Philadelphia periodical has sent a young and bright-looking messenger boy to deliver the message in person. He sailed a few days ago, and will probably be absent three months at least. The expedition cannot be said to be of great significance in a military sense, and yet the Dutch leader will probably not be averse to giving it welcome—that is, unless some unpoetical British officer does not in the meantime spoil the plan by catching up the youthful ambassador, spanking him soundly and sending him back home.

THE JEWS AND THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE SAVIOR.

IN the last issue of this paper a statement appeared in this department which may lead to controversy unless it is more fully explained. The statement referred to occurs in the article on the proposed revision of the trial of the Savior by a solemn Jewish assembly with a view to declaring Him innocent, and thus reversing, though of course not undoing, the decision given eighteen centuries ago. After pointing out that such a remarkable step as this would not necessarily imply that the Jews who participated were about to become Christians, the article continues: "Neither would the proposition

carry with it the idea that the Jews were more culpable and bloodthirsty than under the same circumstances any other race would have been," etc.

Now, the intention herein was to express the Jewish view as to culpability, not to accept or affirm that view. The argument was intended as made from the Jewish standpoint: it was *they* who were disposed to hold that under similar circumstances any other race would have done what the Jews did, and *they* who quoted the Gentile writer to the effect that "they [the Jews] took the cross which we should have had ready, and did our crucifying for us."

This, as stated, is the Jewish view, and not only that, but it may be the view also of many who are not Jews. The Latter-day Saints, however, have a more sure word upon this point than can come from human

source or speculation. The Book of Mormon is explicit on the subject. In the tenth chapter of the second book of Nephi are the following words of Jacob:

Wherefore, as I said unto you, it must needs be expedient that Christ * * * should come among the Jews, among those who are the more wicked part of the world; and they shall crucify Him: For thus it behoveth our God; and *there is none other nation on earth that would crucify their God.*—(verse 3.)

Lest there should be a wrong impression from the previous article, and a forgetfulness of the truth on this point as given in the Book of Mormon, it has been deemed wise to explain as above whatever may have seemed ambiguous or misleading, and to quote the words of the sacred record itself.

The Editor.



FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

FAIVIE'S SCRAPES AND SCRAMBLES.

II.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp; go along!

Horses swift and large and strong!

Let me shake the lines; whoa, ho!

Let me make the horses go!

EVEN months old, Favie was determined to drive the horses for his father as they journeyed along. He was not satisfied to stay with his mother on a back seat and hold the ends of the long lines. No, he wanted to be in the front seat with his father, and he would reach out and struggle to get hold of the lines nearer to the horses than his father's hands.

Once the travelers stopped and rested for

a few weeks, and Favie learned to walk alone. Then they had to pick up and go again, like wrong-doers fleeing from justice, although they were innocent, good people.

You know, children, the Latter-day Saints were driven from their homes in the early days of the Church, because they received the Gospel as the Lord taught it to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Some other men, who did not believe Joseph told the truth, were angry with him and his followers, and treated them very badly. That was why Brother and Sister Kane, with many others, were robbed of their property, and driven from one place to another, instead of being

allowed to live peacefully in the homes they made.

When Brother Kane traveled on with his family, he was going to Illinois, where the Saints were gathering. They traveled so long then, that Favie forgot how to walk, and had to learn over again when they reached a resting place.

Brother Kane and some others stopped at a small place in Illinois, called Egypt, where he obtained a situation as school teacher.

While they lived in Egypt, Favie spent his first birthday anniversary; and two weeks later, a second daughter was born to his parents. That little sister was named Rhoda, and the delight Favie took in watching the tiny thing was wonderful to see. His Aunt Fanny lived with them, and took care of him and did the work while his mother was ill.

Oh! the scrapes Favie used to get into with that auntie! One morning she was stooping down, pouring out dish-water from a kettle into the dish-pan which she had placed on the hearth, when he climbed upon her back, pitched over her shoulder into the pan of hot water, and scalded his own shoulder quite seriously. But that did not cure him of climbing about and getting into scrapes, not in the least.

When his father would leave home in the morning to go to his school, he would fasten the gate very securely. Favie could not open the gate then, but he could climb to the top of the fence, and tumble down, one side or the other. If he fell on the outside of the lot, he would scramble away as fast as he could, and never think of being hurt. And Aunt Fanny would have to run as fast as she could to catch him and bring him

back. But if he fell on the inside of the fence, he was always hurt and would sometimes cry.

Near their home was a yard and stable where horses were kept. Sometimes when Favie was out doors and his aunt would start after him to bring him in, he would laughingly run into the yard among the horses, where his aunt did not dare to follow him for fear of being kicked. Then there was no way for her to do but to coax him to come to her; he would never move for scolding, but if she coaxed earnestly and lovingly she soon conquered him, and would carry him back in triumph to his anxious mother.

L. L. Greene Richards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DOG'S MUTE BUT ELOQUENT PLEA

THE following beautiful story is told by a Louisville paper concerning an incident that occurred when General Buckner was governor of the «Blue Grass State»:

«That was a fine passage between the executive of Kentucky and the wife of the condemned man, who went to Frankfort to ask for a pardon. She had presented her papers and sat breathless whilst the arbiter of her fate perused them; and, as she waited, a mastiff, the playmate of the governor's little son—a beast not given to strangers—uncoiled himself from the rug where he had been lying, and came up in that friendly way which only dogs know how to affect with perfect sincerity, and, seeing suspense and pain in the agitated features of the poor woman, he put his paws gently upon her

knees and began to lick her hands. The governor finished the papers and the petitioner was about to speak, when the grim old soldier said: "It is not necessary, madam, the dog has spoken for you," and straightway signed the document which was to release a dying man from prison and enable him to go to his grave from his own home.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and it is hard to say which moves us the more: the spectacle of that brave gentleman and soldier, stirred to the depths by the silent eloquence of a dog, or the thought of that noble brute, inspired by we know not what, to become an irresistible pleader for mercy before the highest court.

"The incident makes a seasonable text. Indeed, there was as much of truth as sarcasm in the observation of the cynic, who declared that the more he saw of men the better he thought of dogs. The love of a dog has nothing sordid about it, nor treacherous. The poor beast knows not how to dissemble. Governor Buckner knew his son's dog and believed in him. And, when he saw him make common cause with the grief-stricken woman, he felt that, if he followed the lead of that dog's pity and love he could make no mistake. And he did not; and then and there the angel that writes in a book drew a great white mark for that governor and that dog."



AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

A SKELETON in armor, dug up a week ago on the Maine coast, recalls Longfellow's famous poem bearing that title. The discovery which inspired those verses was the skeleton and armor of a Viking, discovered at Fall River, Mass., nearly half a century ago.

A skeleton in armor found at Brooklin, Me., just south of Bar Harbor, was dug up by Prof. Cushing and Major Powell, of the National Museum, Washington. The set of armor appears to be of the old French pattern of the first crusade, nearly 1,000 years ago.

How the French warrior got to these shores at that period adds another mystery to Ameri-

can history that may well inspire antiquarians to further research.

The place where the skeleton was found was a prehistoric Indian burying ground. Near by lay the bones of an Indian chief, about the neck of which were strings of beads and wampum. Near at hand were many tomahawks, arrows and spears, showing that the chief was one of high rank.

Prof. Cushing believes that the fact that the Frenchman was buried beside the chief shows that he had lived with the tribe, and, by his skill in battle, had become chief among them. He may have been the sole survivor of some early French exploring expedition, of which no historic record remains.

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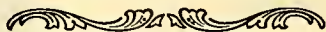
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—Apostle F. M. Lyman.

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No. 6—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 8—For Ogden and the West	9:05 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:00 noon
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No. 42—For Park City	8:30 a. m.

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No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	8:55 p. m.
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantl, intermediate points	6:00 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	2:10 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:55 p. m.
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